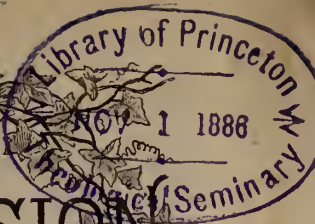


507 17907

5 32



# THE M<sup>C</sup>ALL MISSION IN FRANCE.

## Quarterly Record

EDITED BY

REV. CHARLES E. GREIG, M.A.

VOL. II. No. 12. OCT., 1886. PRICE 1D.

### CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Introductory, by the Editor, . . . .	235
Testimony of an Old Worker, by H. N., . . . .	237
Our Financial Position, by W. S., . . . .	239
The <i>Mystery</i> on the Loire, by C. B., . . . .	240
Gleanings in the Mission Field, by S. R. B., . . . .	244
Leaves from a Visitor's Note-Book, . . . .	248

### INTRODUCTORY.



As will be seen elsewhere, the financial outlook is none of the most cheering, and the dark shadow of that cloud has rested upon us more or less all summer. Whatever may have to be done next year, for the present all our stations have been kept up, and during the summer holidays we have had the usual difficulties in finding speakers for each night. The audiences have diminished somewhat in some quarters as usual, but the general feeling, in Paris

London: S. W. Partridge & Co., 9 Paternoster Row.

at least, is one of satisfaction with the progress of the work. The article by Mr. S. R. Brown in this issue will enable those skilled in such matters to divine both how much more good was done in these series of special meetings than can be registered in black and white, and also how profitably they might be multiplied all over the field did our forces but permit. As always, at least as much good was done in fortifying and encouraging God's children, as in stirring up the anxious to decision.

An old promise is in process of fulfilment in the region of Montpellier, where evangelistic meetings have long been established, but where a new impulse has been given to the work by the arrival of Monsieur Chéradame, formerly agent of the Société Evangélique de Genève, who will labour henceforth in Montpellier, Cette, and Beziers under the immediate direction of a small local Committee, whose President is M. le Pasteur Molines of Montpellier. One of our auxiliaries on the other side of the Atlantic enables us to help the brethren in this populous district.

The voyage of the *Mystery* along the coast of Brittany was, as always, deeply interesting and encouraging. Monsieur Bisson, our agent at Nantes, contributes some details of her visit to the mouth of the Loire, and letters from Dunkerque describe her as equally successful in the north. One result of her former visits to Calais has definitely taken shape in the establishment of regular meetings at St. Pierre les Calais, under the direction of our well tried friends Monsieur and Madame Brun.

On the Rivièra negotiations are in progress for the amalgamation of our meetings and those of M. le Pasteur Valès at Cannes, and for the opening of others at Mentone, but no decision has been come to as yet. We have warm friends in both these places, and have no need to hurry their decision.

As authentic information on the history and progress of the Mission is so often called for, it has been decided to publish this winter, with Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, a little book in English, the several chapters of which will be written by Mr. McAll and certain of his workers, and will give, so far as possible, a complete view of the history, working, and aim of the several branches of the Mission. Meanwhile, a series of articles in French by Monsieur Arthur de Rougemont, which have appeared from month to month in the *Messenger de la Famille*, will be collected into a single brochure, and offered for

sale at a very low price. The Committee of course take no commercial interest in either venture.

On the success founded on curiosity the M<sup>c</sup>All Mission can certainly no longer count. It has won its place among the institutions of the country, and has no reason to fear the light of day. But a vast work still remains to be done, part of which it can do alone, for other part of which it needs the co-operation of the Churches and ecclesiastical institutions. And it is a hopeful sign that the Churches are giving such vigorous signs of life. Even such a controversy, regrettable in many respects, as that recently carried on in the columns of *Le Christianisme* between M. le Professeur Doumergue and M. le Pasteur Lortsch, shows that the general Protestant public is beginning to take an interest in matters to which it formerly gave the go-by: a new Sunday-school journal, or more strictly, notes on a new list of Sunday-school lessons, is being published by the Eglise Luthérienne of Paris; the Tract Society and others are putting forth new efforts; even the Baptist Church is not without sharing in the general movement. Oh, were Protestant France but to wake up, what an undreamed of store of energy lies within her! how well her existing organisations could adapt themselves to the new circumstances! how irresistible would be her onset upon ritualism and infidelity! Some day we shall see it, if not now. Let us work on meanwhile and lay the train, which a spark of Divine fire will some day cause to flare up into sudden activity.

---

### Testimony of an Old Worker.

WOKING, 17th September, 1886.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have little talent for descriptive writing, but in compliance with your request I will put down on paper some of the impressions which I have brought home with me after my fifteenth annual visit to the Missions in Paris, and more especially to that of Mr. M<sup>c</sup>All.

Summer is, of course, not the best time for seeing what is being done in Paris or elsewhere. The long days and the hot weather are not favourable to evening meetings. But I saw notwithstanding, this year as formerly, much that was interesting and encouraging.

A year ago, when the question of removing the meeting held in the Rue de la Tacherie to the Boulevard de Sébastopol was debated, some fear was felt lest the large congregation

assembling nightly in the former place should not find their way to the new one. I was glad to find that this apprehension had not been verified. The crowded audience, night after night, and the very large proportion of working men listening attentively, are still the same; whilst the room is an immense improvement on the old one.

If I may judge from the one occasion when I was at the meeting in that most important quarter, the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, the character of the attendance there has much improved since last year. A larger proportion seem to come in a serious spirit, for the sake of hearing the Word of God. It was very encouraging also to see how many of the audience remained for the *Réunion fraternelle*, which does not offer any special attraction, like that of good music or eloquence, to the worldly-minded.

I can hardly say that there was a marked *improvement* in the general aspect of the congregation at Pantin since I was last there; for the fact is, that there was scarcely room for improvement. But it was interesting to remember that when Mr. McAll first opened a mission in that suburb (where the horrible Tropmann murder was committed), the behaviour of some of the roughs was so violent that the room shortly had to be closed. Surely it is the Lord who has rebuked the waves.

The tokens of a work of the Spirit of God at Grenelle have long, as you know, been visible, and by what I saw and heard they seem to be rather increasing than diminishing. And the contrast is indeed striking between the large and attentive audience which now assembles there and that which I remember some twelve years ago, when it consisted of perhaps a dozen serious hearers and a few ill-behaved boys.

That the large majority of the people of France are more or less *accessible* to the Gospel is quite evident to any one who has worked among them as a tract-distributor. The bigoted Romanist, the bigoted free-thinker, and the scornful man of the world, will soon show their colours if you offer them a tract. But this is quite the exception in all parts of France that I have visited. And you will much more often see a tract received with a grateful smile and attentively read by the receiver (among the working folks at least) in France than in England. This at all events is the impression left on my mind by long experience.

The good congregations at the Rue Royale mission-room on Sunday afternoons, and elsewhere on Sunday evenings, suggest

a reflection which, although it does not practically concern Mr. McAll's Mission, I should like to express here for the sake of the French friends who read your magazine. Why should not the custom of holding two Sunday services in each place of worship, universal in England, be equally universal among the Protestants of the Continent? It is possible to assemble congregations on Sunday afternoon and evening in the mission-rooms of Paris; why not in its Protestant churches? The more I reflect on the subject the more I am convinced that a high condition of spiritual vitality can hardly be expected in a church which only meets once for public worship on the Lord's day. For the many who could attend two services it is a serious privation to have one only. But there are also many families where all the members cannot leave home at once and where consequently, when there is only a single service, some must be absent from the house of God altogether. I spent a Sunday lately with a devoted French pastor and his wife, in a country village between Paris and Tours, and was much struck with the amount of spiritual life manifested in their congregation. We had services in the church both morning and afternoon, and the afternoon congregation was decidedly the larger, if I remember rightly. How great would have been the loss if the morning service had been the only one!

Before ending, let me refer to the great value of the Mission prayer-meeting, held on Friday afternoons in the Rue Royale. It is indeed a time of refreshing to the Christian worker, and none, of course, except God only knows the result of the supplications which are there offered week by week. All Christians who have an opportunity of being present in passing through Paris should make a point of being there.—I remain,  
very truly,  
H. NOEL.

---

### Our Financial Position.

A few words are needed upon the state of our funds, to put before our friends at home the position in which we find ourselves. We regret to be obliged to say that the income of the past year has not come up to our requirements, and we shall be obliged, most reluctantly, to curtail our work for the coming year, to bring our expenditure within what we may look upon as our reliable income, and a plan of reduction is now being anxiously considered by the Committee. The cause of the

diminution of the income is easy to explain. We have lately lost several old friends of the Mission by death, and their subscriptions therefore can no longer be looked for—and the influence which they exercised on our behalf is also lost. Then the depressed state of trade has lessened many of our collections, especially in England. We therefore appeal to our friends at home—if they cannot make an effort for us this autumn—to look up old subscribers, to take collecting cards, and form little circles of friends, who will *systematically* collect for us, as is done with such excellent results in Edinburgh and Glasgow,—and by spreading information about the needs of France and the favourable time for the spreading of the Gospel far and wide, stir up interest in the hearts of the many who have never, perhaps, thought or even heard of the work of the M<sup>c</sup>All Mission.

It goes hard to be obliged to close stations where the work has well begun, and to limit our efforts in different directions, when we would fain extend them.

WM. SOLTAU.

---

### The *Mystery* on the Loire.

The meetings on board the *Mystery* commenced at St. Nazaire on Sunday, 6th June. The first took place at three o'clock in the afternoon, and was conducted by Pasteur Fargues of Nantes, who had come to St. Nazaire for the morning service. I was much surprised to learn, when I arrived in the evening, that although no further information had been given than the usual board announcing a meeting for 3 P.M., and even that only after the arrival of the pastor at the close of the service, more than a hundred people had been present. I arrived myself in time for the second meeting, announced for eight o'clock, and had about the same number of auditors, although the board had been up only an hour and a-half, the news of the boat's arrival having reached me only at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon. The attention was serious throughout. On Monday evening a much larger number than could have been crowded into the little chapel were waiting on the quay, all of whom certainly cannot have been admitted, and with one or two exceptions it was the same during the whole time that the boat remained at the port of St. Nazaire; or in round numbers from the 5th to the 18th June sixteen meetings were held, and I should think that about 3000 people were present at them, giving an average of from

180 to 190. About the same number of tracts were distributed: how many gospels I cannot say.

The people of St. Nazaire took a very kindly interest in the boat; two or three newspaper reporters, among others those of the *Phare* and the *Démocratique de l'Ouest*, were present at several of the meetings, and commented favourably on the work we were carrying on. I was told however that another newspaper had asserted that our object was to sell books, and that we belonged to the Salvation Army, allegations which I was informed Pastor Fargues hastened to disprove. At St. Nazaire a large number of ladies and gentlemen visited the boat during the day, and asked such questions as these:—Have you no crucifix? Do you not believe in the miraculous conception? Do you not believe in the resurrection and in the immortality of the soul?

In every such case I had the pleasure of replying to them out of the good old Bible which lies on the little table of the floating chapel. The usual answer was, "We have been misinformed;" or, "It is pretty much as in our religion,"—answers which I fear resembled only too much that of Felix.

One thing that I regretted very much at St. Nazaire was my inability to announce a place of meeting on land, the hall which we now have not having yet been fixed upon. One day a gentleman wrote me a long letter, entreating me to "come ashore," and wishing me all prosperity. As far as results go, I find them chiefly in these words of the Lord, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days thou shalt find it again." The captain, however, sold a few Bibles and Testaments, and my meetings at St. Nazaire, which had been interrupted for at least two months, have more than doubled in attendance, whether that be owing to the *Mystery* or not.

Let us now go up the Loire to Nantes, which we reached at 7 P.M. on the 18th, the tug doing its duty admirably. A large number of people were hanging about the quays waiting for our arrival, among whom two curés made themselves conspicuous by their animated gestures. Every one seemed sufficiently at sea as to the object we proposed to attain, and each had his quota of comments and explanations to contribute. I myself on landing was stopped by an Irish gentleman, English teacher in one of the Nantes colleges, and a bigoted Roman Catholic, and a crowd of at least 200 people gathered round us while he asked me several questions. I thought that the wisest course was to excuse myself for the moment, and to hasten home as fast as

possible, not however without proposing to my questioner another interview the next day on board.

He came, accompanied by two friends. The conversation became very animated, but the Word of God is an invincible weapon, and I proved on this occasion, as, thank God, on many others, that there is no need of disturbing oneself about what one should say in such circumstances. These gentlemen were so thoroughly met, that they ended by confessing their ignorance on many theological points, and by offering to send a curé to argue with me. I answered that he would be very welcome. My interlocutor would have very much liked to insult me at the close, but I reminded him that I was "*chez moi*," and that if he did not take his leave in a fitting manner, I should be forced to consider him wanting in politeness. He never again set foot on board, but we saw him every evening on the quay, not far from the boat, appearing very excited and angry as he saw it filling up every night. One evening, however, he tried to attack me again, this time about the troubles which were at that time taking place in Ireland. I understood what his object was among that crowd of quay-loungers, and wishing him good-night withdrew, professing that I took no interest in politics. The first meeting, conducted by Pastors Fargues and Dartigues, took place on Sunday, 20th June, and they were continued every evening, except Saturday, till the 5th August, two days before the boat left for La Rochelle. Nineteen meetings were held, attended by about 3600 people, perhaps even 4000, for owing to the excessive heat those who were at the back of the chapel, being scarcely able to breathe, had to leave, and their places were taken by those who had been waiting for the opportunity; we were indeed all astonished that the people endured so patiently the suffocating heat, from which we ourselves suffered greatly. On Tuesday, the day before the boat left, there was no meeting for want of any one to conduct it. I was myself at our hall, where the meetings had been interrupted for more than a month, a thing I should avoid if possible another time, for I have had great difficulty in reassembling my scattered flock, though now the salle is filled each night, and on Sundays we have not room enough. I never saw the meetings more interesting than they are at this moment, though the enemy has also been roused, and we have not a little noise both inside and outside the salle.

I fancy about 5000 tracts were given at Nantes, on board



the boat or on the quay. We held four children's meetings, with an average attendance of about 60. I distributed among the children about 480 *Feuilles du Dimanche* and *Feuillets Illustrés*. A large number of people at Nantes thanked us warmly, and some of them have appeared at the Salle since, but few, doubtless owing to the distance. It is a pity that we have no permanent meeting-place nearer the port; I am hoping to have one later, but it would mean a rent of 1200 or 1500 francs in that part of the city. I have no idea how many gospels were distributed at Nantes—all, I think, that were sent.

I think it right to say that I had at first very serious fears as to the success of the boat, especially at Nantes. I had even been told that the pastors looked upon the thing as a scandal to religion, and though by no means of that opinion, I feared a strong opposition; but I am glad to be able to say that we encountered nothing of the kind, even the custom-house officers, far from interfering with the distribution of tracts, as I hear they did at La Rochelle, came to get them themselves and expressed great thankfulness and admiration of our generosity. I should also say that I found that the impression I had received from the pastors that the people of Nantes would take no interest in the boat and its work was entirely unfounded. Alas! the Nantois have as great a thirst of true happiness as others; what they need is some one who can point them to the fountain of water of life, but here, as everywhere, the workers seem too few to garner the harvest. At St. Nazaire I had no help (after the first meeting) except from M. Durrleman of Rochefort; at Nantes Pastors Dartigues and Fargues gave me such help as they could, and M. Durrleman returned for the second week. Since the boat left we have had a special meeting on the occasion of the visit of Mr. Randolphe, at which M. Dartigues was present; although not held on the usual evening, the salle was nearly full. Many thanks to all these friends for their timely help.

If, as we were led to hope, the *Mystery* returns to Nantes next year, the experience we have gained seems to show that, once the difficult and expensive passage up the Loire is surmounted, the boat should stay with us much longer; we should also have a hall in the neighbourhood into which we could gather those who were influenced by the special efforts put forth. Of this year's campaign I may say in general that the entire city of Nantes was excited by the presence of the

boat, and that every one admired and praised the Christian charity of the "Protestants." It was the talk of the town, and the general opinion was favourable.

C. BISSON.

---

### Gleanings in the Mission Field.

It was during summer, when workers were weary and looking forward to needed change and rest, that it was decided to hold a series of *réunions intimes* in some of our stations where the attendance had been large, and the attention good; we hoped thus to reap some of the good seed sown, to glean here and there precious sheaves for the Master's garner. The purpose of these meetings was not to arouse the careless or awaken the indifferent, but rather to direct seeking sinners to the Saviour, to lead those who were "not far from the kingdom" across the boundary line that separates the world from the kingdom of heaven.

How far they succeeded, how many pleasing surprises were met with, and how many proofs were accorded of the presence of the Holy Spirit among us I shall now endeavour to show.

To preserve the semi-private character of the meeting a small hand-bill was issued, marked "Carte personnelle," inviting those who were seeking peace with God through Jesus Christ, and those only; and on the card were the words, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." "Seek and ye shall find." Two, and in some cases three, brethren were set apart for the Mission of three to four days, and a contingent of our ladies gave us willing help, to which much of our success in the after-meetings was due.

The meetings were divided into three parts,—for exhortation, prayer, and conversation. After the address we tried to eliminate the general hearers, unconscious of special wants, and held a service for invocation, urging the people to short ejaculatory petitions in the words of the Bible. This calling upon God in His own inspired words touched our hearts. A deep bass voice praying, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow," would be followed by the thin tremulous cry of a woman sitting near with bowed head, "Lord, write my name in the Lamb's book of life." Then we asked those who desired to be saved to make a public declaration of it by standing up before all the people, and thus confessing the name of Christ. This over, we proceeded to the third part, the *tête a tête*, each

worker choosing his or her group for personal dealing ; and the meeting closed about 10.15 with thanksgivings.

Meetings of this kind were held at Batignolles in the north, Gare d'Ivry on the Rive Gauche, at St. Antoine in the east, and at our large central station of Boulevard Sebastopol, besides one on the eve of the holidays at the well-worked station of Grenelle.

We were surprised at the numbers who attended in excessive heat or torrents of rain ; surprised to find amongst our habitués so many living souls. They had received the engrafted word, but were scarcely conscious of the new life, saying, "I am not what I was, but another person." Surprised we were to find some who deemed themselves too great sinners to be saved at once ; as one expressed it, "I have too many sins on my conscience to lose them all at once" (she lost them all at once) ; surprised that so many Frenchmen had the moral courage to stand up publicly and say, "*Lord, save me!*" Surprises ! surely they came of our little faith, and the meetings taught us to expect yet greater things.

On one occasion a story was told of the book without words : the first page black, the second red, the third white, another golden. In the after-meeting we noticed a woman with a sad face, her eyes filled with tears, whom another, a convert of the hall, was trying to comfort. She was well-known as a regular attendant of our meetings, and a person who had passed through much sorrow, having had to get a separation from a worthless, drunken husband. As I took a seat at her side she said to me, "All the leaves in my book are black."

"All black?"

"All."

"But there are lighter shades?"

"No ; all black."

"You believe the Bible?"

"Certainly."

"All it says?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then listen : 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' Repeat that now." She did so.

"Is it true?"

"Certainly."

"What does the blood do?"

"Cleanseth us from all sin."

And suddenly the light broke in upon her, faith appropriating the fact.

“What colour is the leaf now?” I asked.

“Red,” she exclaimed.

I repeated the words, “Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow.” “Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.” “If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness;” and asked, “Is that true in your experience?” She thought a moment, pondered over *forgive, cleanseth*, and then said firmly, “Oh! yes.” She turned over a new leaf, black to red, red to white, and new tears flowed, joyous tears, washing away from her cheeks the tears of sorrow.

“Shall we praise God?” I asked.

“Yes!”

“You begin, then.”

“Oh! I cannot pray in French,” so in German she gave thanks to God; the Frenchwoman followed in French; then Mr. Newell took up the strain in English, saying, “We four nationalities in three different tongues joined in one song of praise on earth to one God in heaven;” it was not Babel with discordant noises, but Pentecost, harmony in diversity of tongues. Last night, 31st August, we met at the meeting. She has held fast, no turning back the leaves to black, but on to golden. She rejoices in hope of the glory of God.

At another meeting a big burly man in bourgeois dress stood up and asked leave to speak. When it was granted, he began in rather a startling fashion: “I am a miracle, a supernatural phenomenon! I want to tell you what God has done for me. I am a Parisian, and as a youth was ‘*un mauvais garnement*.’ As a soldier I was so unruly that I was sent into a disciplinary corps in Algiers to be reformed, and when my time expired I returned to Paris worse than when I left it. I sank so low that I was an object of loathing to myself, and of disgust to my friends: they could not see me, and I dared not look at myself. The only person who cared to see me was the publican, and he only when I had money in my pocket. In this abject condition I went into the *r union* Rue de Rivoli, and heard about the love of God. The text, ‘God so loved the world,’ arrested me, it gave me hope. I continued to follow the meetings, and one day I heard, ‘Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners;’ that soothed my conscience and gave me peace. From that day I was a new man. I am not rich, but by work I have enough, and I declare to you that I am a happy, contented man. I don’t say I have no

troubles, but I know to whom I may carry them." Then in earnest, eloquent words he urged the audience to follow him in believing the Gospel that had raised him from lower than the brutes to the position of a child of God.

Is not this a modern moral miracle? and the Gospel is it not still the power of God unto salvation to every one that believes?

On another occasion conversations were going on in all parts of the salle, so I joined myself to a group of men earnestly discussing some points. One of them, evidently superior to the others in social position and intelligence, was saying as I came up, "I go to mass in the morning, and come here in the evening. On week-days I read the Scriptures, and I find I get along very well." He pretended to be quite contented, and to have no need of a new birth.

"Are you satisfied with your moral condition?" I asked.

"Not quite; and I should like to know if the priest in the confessional can really forgive sin. What do the words mean in John xx. 23: 'Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them'?" We opened our Bible, and pointed to the example of the apostles, who never forgave sins, but preached the forgiveness of sins in His name (Acts x. 43, &c.). He noted down the passages, asked other questions on confession, and he was directed to the Word of God for a reply.

The next night he came again. Standing up in the meeting he prayed thus:—

"O Lord, whosoever blushes to confess your name before men, you will redden at him before your Father and the angels. I don't want you to redden (*rougir*) at sight of me; that is why I now stand up to confess your name before men. In the sight of men I am an honest man, no one can charge me with sin, but in your sight I am a poor, wretched, miserable sinner. Pity me! forgive me! wash me in the blood of Calvary, and I shall be whiter than snow." After the meeting he came into the smaller room, saying: "Je suis entièrement des vôtres maintenant," and is a candidate to enter a Protestant Church.

Such were some incidents that came under my own observation; no doubt M. Sainton or the ladies could each tell of similar trophies of the Redeemer's power during these interesting *réunions intimes*. The Rev. S. Anderson told me he was surrounded by a group, who said, "We have sought, we have found, we have found light and life at these meetings; and

now what must we do about the Communion? we cannot return to the Romish mass. *Que faire, monsieur!*”

The answer is not difficult to give; and the fact that an answer was called for is proof, if proof were needed, that the Mission leads its converts up to the very church doors, and so accomplishes to the very last item the task given it by the Master to perform.

S. R. BROWN.

---

### Leaves from a Visitor's Note-Book.

Mrs. R.—This poor woman lives with her son, who when in work, gains 2 frs. 50 cts. per day. She is nearly blind, and so deaf that when she goes to the *salle* she cannot hear what the speakers say or read. On one occasion she said to me, “How delightful that is, *madame*, and what happiness! it seems to me I hear you when you read to me. It is God's word, I know it well, it is the truth; how glad I am you have come! I often talk with my Saviour at night, and I feel that He is near me.” Before leaving I gave her 30 cts., and she was thankful for even that.

I found Mr. A. chiselling away at a quantity of zinc virgins with “*enfants Jesus*” in their arms. I asked him why it was that none of his family came now to the meetings, and, glancing at his work, requested him to say frankly if it were not owing to that? His answer was not satisfactory. Had he read the New Testament, as he promised to do, I asked him. “Yes.” What light did you receive? He said he believed Jesus was a great Saviour, but not God. He was the first and greatest of all republicans, teaching liberty and equality, and that He had saved the world by these doctrines, and was therefore the Saviour of mankind. But what about His being the Saviour from sin? “Oh, *que voulez vous!*” and he shrugged his shoulders. I asked him if he remembered the attitude of Jesus Christ before Pilate, and all the circumstances of the crucifixion. He dropped his work, and appeared to take in every word, he looked so at the book that he appeared to be reading it himself. For nearly an hour I continued reading and pleading with this man, and then I knelt and prayed that God would enlighten him.

Mr. R., a man who bears the reputation of being a great swearer and “*bien méchant*,” received me with evident pleasure. He is unusually well-informed, and pointed with pride to a volume of Voltaire he had just been reading. Of

Voltaire we talked for some time. The conversation, however, turned to the one subject—Jesus Christ, and Him crucified; and I read and explained to him a portion of Scripture. He listened very attentively, and said, “Madame, lorsqu’un imbécile vient me conter un tas de bêtises, je perds toute patience, je me mets en colère, mais vous, vous voyez que je vous écoute bien.”

Mrs. H., a good, honest woman, whose husband died some time ago. She pawned nearly everything she had, to nurse him to the last. She is respected by all about her. She is a courageous “*marchande des quatre saisons*,” and she welcomed Mrs. A.’s visit. When very hard-up a friend sent her two or three francs to buy vegetables for sale. I never saw any one more grateful for a service. She said that since she had been attending our meetings she had been led to look into her own heart, and had seen herself in a very different light to what she formerly did. She saw herself a great sinner, and knew she quite deserved hell. She saw herself lost—she had never realised what a sinner she was till God sent her that money on Christmas night. She realised He had been watching her all the time, and when she came home after the best sale she had ever had she fell on her knees to thank Him for His goodness, and wept before Him over her ingratitude and unworthiness. “That is well,” said I, “but if you were to die at this moment where would you go?” She frankly answered, “I should be lost.” “Then come to Jesus.” She is simple and straightforward, and I believe saw Christ as her Saviour. I asked her, “Do you believe He has pardoned all your sins, and has accepted you?” “Yes,” she said. “And why?” “Because I am penitent, and He said He would.” A few days after I saw her again, and she said she had just passed the happiest week of her life. Lately Mrs. H. had a severe illness, when the neighbours asked the address of her friends, thinking she might pass away. She just lifted her heart to God, and asked Him to restore her to health, and He did. She is quite cheerful, though much tried.

Mrs. P., a bright Christian, mother of a large family, has passed through much trial during the winter—almost reduced to starvation. Three times she fainted from hunger and exhaustion. She has several times been very ill, and yet through it all she has been bright and trusting—never a murmur escaping her. Even in her poverty she has been comforting those around her still poorer than herself. Lately

the priests and *savurs* have tried every means to bring her back to themselves. They have offered her food and clothing for her children in abundance, but she bade them take them all away, even one day when she had just lost three sous out of her pocket. The other day her husband met her as she was coming in from the *réunion*, and told her she ought rather to go and confess, and that he was going to burn Eugénie's Bible, which she had just gained with her *bons points*. Nothing could appease him—he would stand this kind of thing no longer, he was going to be master. This sudden attack of bigoted zeal not a little puzzled his wife. The man went to the drawer where their books were kept, and lying there was a *livre de messe* which they had had since their wedding day. It resembled the Bible in appearance, with gilt edges and clasp. This he seized and deliberately threw into the fire. The wife quietly waited until it was nearly consumed, and then said, "Tu es content, mon ami? heureusement ce n'est que notre livre de messe que tu as jeté au feu." The good-for-nothing, dissolute husband, who, for a wonder, was sober, was utterly amazed, and went off quite cowed.

## CONTRIBUTIONS

IN AID OF THE MISSION ARE RECEIVED BY

Rev. R. W. McALL, 32 Rue Pierre-Guérin, Auteuil, Paris.

Rev. C. E. GREIG, M.A., 40 Boulevard de Reuilly, Bercy, Paris.

M. R. SAILLENS, 177 Avenue de Maine, Paris.

Rev. Dr. BONAR, Grange, Edinburgh.

FRANK A. BEVAN, Esq., 54 Lombard Street, London, E.C.

Rev. R. S. ASHTON, B.A., Evangelical Continental Society, 13 Blomfield Street, London Wall, London.

Rev. HORACE NOEL, M.A., Foreign Evangelisation Society, Woking Station, Surrey.

Rev. JOHN LYNCH, A.M., Monkstown, Ireland.

By the Treasurers and Secretaries of Associations, and by Directors of Branch Missions.